The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed

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The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Marjorie is called to apartment 501, within a luxury apartment complex, in Washington, D.C.'s Navy Yards neighborhood. She is set to meet a brown-skinned badass woman, a socialist from the Bronx, who was elected to Congress in January 2019. This woman already has an agenda set out for her. She wants to accomplish one goal that she always wanted to achieve. She wants to push Marjorie into an altered state of mind and complete her "taming" by breaking her down into nothing. Will she complete what she seeks, or will this Georgian woman resist her entreaties? You'll have to read to find out...

Notes

Thanks to those who read my last Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG)/Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (AOC) fic, "Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender." I really appreciate it! If you haven't read it, I strongly encourage you to do so. It seems that MTG is in the news all the time now. In fact, there was even a story in LGBTQ Nation about her today, a site which has published articles on her since June 2021 which honestly has given her too much attention (they should stop writing these kinds of clickbaity articles with little substance).

This fic is a follow-up to the aforementioned fic and others featuring MTG that I have published this year. To be clear, I really detest MTG, but I had a lot of fun putting together these fics. When I read a news story about her resignation back in mid-November, I decided to start writing this fic. I don't intend on making MTG sympathetic. Instead, I try to explain, in a certain way, where she is coming from, to set the stage for what's next. Make what you will of this fic. Although in my original description I said that this fic may be, more likely than not, my last MTG/AOC fic, arguing that she is fading, seemingly, from public view, I may reconsider that considering that someone called her a "butch body bigot" back in April (and was ejected from her town hall as a result). Anyway, I have more AOC fics, involving her with other women, in the process. Even though I could write fics pairing AOC and her present boyfriend, that seems too drab, so I probably will not.

Otherwise, I've written one hypnosis fic in the past which is entitled "Shego the Hypnodomme and Kim's Submission." This fic is entirely different from that one. Even so, this fic is, certainly, in some limited ways, inspired by that one, as I've read over that fic many times this year already, and I know many people on here have done the same (it currently has over 2,300 hits, higher than any fic that I've *ever* written). I hope you all enjoy this fic. Comments and concrit are fully welcome.

This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World and Adult Fanfiction.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Let's Talk About Jeans Bondage by Kate Sloan
- Inspired by What is a spit kink? Here's everything you need to know. by Gigi Engle [for Mashable]
- Inspired by Why tickling turns some people on by Gigi Engle (for Mashable)
- Inspired by "I'll do anything you desire": Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender by lefemmerougensfw

On November 16th, Marjorie spoke with a host of one of the major TV networks. She declared that she was not a traitor, saying that description was "extremely wrong." She added that words like that are what can be used to "radicalize people against me," putting her life in danger. She took a further step to say she was "sorry for taking part in the toxic politics," saying it as bad for the country, and declared she was only responsible for herself, and her actions. She added that she wanted to "put down the knives in politics," hoping that people could be "kind to one another." This stood in the face of her previous flagrant remarks, calling for executing prominent Democrats in 2018 and 2019, and declaring that wearing masks on the House floor was akin to Nazis. She was eve ejected from the House Freedom Caucus in 2023, which she dubbed a "drama club." She went further, getting into a verbal fight in 2024 when she insulted the personal appearance of Texan congressman, Jasmine Crockett, denigrated the glamorous New York representative, Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, and called Lauren Boebert a "little bitch" in 2023.

She declared that she wanted to chart a "new path forward" and that everyone should "come together and end all the toxic, dangerous rhetoric" and division. She claimed that she was leading by example and hoped the orange one would do the same. It seemed silly and absurd. People said she deserved zero sympathy, was a terrifying far-right conspiracy theorist, and an evil woman. She seemed out of touch with reality, and who she was as a person. What she didn't say on national television was *how* she'd come to this conclusion. She'd *never* reveal it, never in a million years. Her words came about partially due to the groundwork laid by her "sessions" over the years, including one in late July and one years before in September 2022, with a strong and passionate woman. This had reached the breaking point, in which the other woman would aim achieve her own goals and enact another part of her revenge scheme of sorts.

A stylish, brown-skinned woman came up to her and whispered in her ear. "Remember to come to my place tonight, you *vile bigot*," she said, then walked away. No one else noticed, for some reason, how close these two women had gotten. The woman had told her friends, but that was it. No one else. Marjorie knew how this kind of thing went. If she decided to not heed her calls, it would be bad for her. She was already in a vulnerable place after everything she'd been through. She was someone who felt independent, like she was standing against a so-called "political industrial complex," as she'd later call it. She cast herself as a populist. In reality, she was beholden to various interests and wasn't as independent as she seemed. The brown-skinned woman knew this and exploited it.

When she made her way to the building, marketed as having luxury apartments, she was amazed. How could this woman say she cared about ordinary Americans? She almost thought she had the advantage again, before the woman surprised her. "You damn *Latina socialist*," she growled. The woman shrugged and motioned Marjorie inside. The security was as tight as ever. She could overhear the woman say "yes, I have one guest coming up to my room tonight." The guard nodded. He was familiar with her. She had been able to, somehow, convince him that he did not need her to write down the names of guests. "Certainly, Miss Alexandria," he said. She stepped into the elevator, and Marjorie followed her. It went up five floors. The guard was pleased to have someone of her caliber living there.

The woman was none other than Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. As they made their way into her apartment, she quickly closed the door. Marjorie ribbed her. "How can you say you care about ordinary people when you live in a place *like this*?" The Latina laughed. She shook her head. She knew that this Georgian was unaware of stuff like this. "Well, you know I had a hell of a time finding a place to live. I couldn't afford to rent an apartment in this damn city." She chuckled and added, "even the great chef Jose Andres offered me a place to live. Can you imagine that?" She wasn't convinced. This time she was much more hard-nosed than before. She didn't have a chance to form another thought because the Latina spoke up once again. She wanted to disrupt her thinking about anything.

"Oh, welcome to the club. AIPAC is slamming you like you are some leftist now, you know." The Georgian rolled her eyes. She knew it was because she had described Israel's brutal murder of Palestinians as a genocide. Unlike others, she hated Israel because she *hated* Jews, part of her conspiracy-addled, fucked up mind. This was one thing Alexandria hadn't cured her of, yet. The fact they were in this sort of relationship not-relationship was only something her closest friends knew. No one else was aware. It was a miracle they had hidden it for this long. Perhaps the media didn't care.

"I realize one thing," the Latina began, "you *need* to resign from Congress. Your time has come." Marjorie was shocked. She'd never accept this. She was someone who wanted to fight to the end. She growled, refusing to give in. She wouldn't be cowed by this woman. She prepared to dig in. Alexandria knew one thing, however: this woman was weak and would *give in* under pressure. She suddenly started rubbing her hands along her body, rapidly quickening the motion. The Georgian had no idea what was coming next. She would not be ready, not one bit.

Without warning, Alexandria touched Marjorie's legs, causing them to weaken from the static electricity, and yowl in pain. She could barely stand up anymore. She tried her best to resist the tickling sensation, but this failed. She almost began to laugh and with that, the Latina easily pushed her onto the ground. She was now looking up at this woman towering over her. "Help me up, please, Alexandria..." She started to beg. The Latina did not heed her pleas. There were so many things she could have done to help. She ignored that. She didn't want to help Marjorie.

She had one plan to cause this woman to fall apart, even more than their previous times together. She cooed this clearly desperate woman. "I'll assist you, but you have to do something for me." She pulled the woman up, then swung a pendulum between her eyes. She tried to look away, but she could not stop herself from looking at the swinging object. The swirling motion caused her head to feel dizzy. She did not fall into the sunken place. Instead, she was in a place of eternal evil, a place where she'd face her worst nightmares. The Latina sensually whispered into her ear, telling her that she would have to follow all of her commands. She added that when she snapped her fingers, she would be released from the hypnosis.

"Strip, you damn *insurrectionist pig*." Without question, the Georgian agreed. She took off each piece of her clothing and stood there with her completely naked body shining under the fluorescent light from above. As she stood there in a daze, the Latina had another demand. "Stay there, you fucking hateful *howler monkey*." These efforts to break her down were part

of her strategy to ensure that this woman remained under her control. She walked back to her room and riffled through her clothes. She suddenly found what she was looking for: tight, skinny blue jeans.

She came back with the jeans in hand. "Put this on, you hateful *racist xenophobic scum*." As she put on the pants, she felt helpless. The denim's texture tightly adhered to her legs and severely restricted her movement. "I feel weird," the Georgian remarked, still under the Latina's spell-of-sorts. The Latina came close to her, wanting to make her feel it was safe, that she was okay, and to encourage her to lower her defenses. This worked much better than she expected. "Don't worry. You can trust me to help you with that feeling. Just give in to me, you *fascist* fuck." The Georgian complied.

Without a second thought, she slapped the woman's ass with her hand, followed by a heavy file folder from her bag. She could have used a riding crop or a flogger but she had neither. The Georgian's cries were a mixture of pain and pleasure. The Latina had another command. "I won't give you *any* sexual pleasure *unless* you remove your jeans." Marjorie was in a bind. She had barely gotten into the jeans in the first place. While she'd followed this woman's suggestions without question, she still retained her general faculties. Part of her, on some level, wanted to fight back. The Latina would get that out of her and make her completely submit without an inkling of resistance remaining.

She cackled and shook her head. "You are one bleach blonde bad-built butch body in those jeans, you *canalla*." The Georgian continued to squirm in her tight pants, feeling the constriction on her legs. She wanted to get out of this situation, somehow. She suddenly felt a set of headphones placed over her head. Surely, the Latina could have played sounds of people who hated her, shouting about how terrible she was. Instead, she looked up a video of someone saying "gender-affirming care" 1,000 times on YouTube and pressed play. The Georgian was in agony. Her head was spinning. This was the perfect karma for someone who had spouted transphobia and advanced transphobic bills for years, including one which banned trans youth health care and made getting that care even harder.

After about ten minutes of this, the Latina took off the headphones and pushed Marjorie to the ground. She stared up at her adoringly. "How did you like that, you devilish *sanguijuela*?" All she could do is nod. She proceeded to spit in the Georgian's face over and over, while shouting insult after insult, between each spittle. The saliva streamed across her face, causing her to be humiliated even more, and lose more of herself in the process. It was obvious that the Latina was asserting her authority over her. She wasn't attempting any form of intimacy. Rather, she aimed to dominate.

Marjorie did nothing to stop her as she'd fallen deeply under the hypnosis. She certainly wouldn't be into this otherwise. She *never* would have stood for it outside of these circumstances. Out of nowhere, she started thinking of herself as a bold avatar of rebels, farmers, moonshiners, plain folk, and foundational principles. As that swell of resistance grew within her, it was brutally crushed the next instant. The Latina whispered in her ear. "You are a wolf in sheep's clothing. *Everyone* knows that they can't trust you. Everyone knows that you *aren't* courageous. You are only a toady for a fascist in a suit."

Deep down she knew that Alexandria was right. She had described it completely accurately. Behind all this rebranding of herself, her core values had not changed. She was at a complete loss. It was then that the Latina gave her a list of orders. She was ready to strike the final blow.

"You will resign from Congress effective January 5, 2026."

"You will craft your own resignation statement and post it on social media."

"You will resign so you can secure your congressional pension and retirement benefits."

"You will say that it was your own decision."

"You will blame the political industrial complex."

"You will claim that you speak for the people, even though you do not."

"You will deny you are running for U.S. President in 2028."

"You will apologize for what you have done."

"You will say you are moving away from toxic rhetoric."

"You will still say you are loyal to the U.S. President."

"You will take an interview from Lesley Stahl of *60 Minutes*."

"You will call me Mistress Alexandria."

She breathed deeply. She had one final command, something to ensure that Marjorie would stay fully under her control, something to make sure that she wouldn't go astray. She wanted to make it abundantly sure, without any doubt, that she was the one in control. This could also be a future fail-safe if Marjorie *ever* went off the rails.

"You will follow every single one of my commands, *no matter what*."

As Marjorie looked at the Latina, the remaining control of her body began to fade away into nothing. She was not prepared to fulfill the Latina's wants and desires. It wasn't bondage, a message, objectification, or anything like that. Instead, it was something more humiliating, something that would totally destroy her.

"You will take off your jeans and finger yourself in front of me, right now."

If she had not been under the hypnosis this deeply, she may have resisted. She could not. She did not. She lowered her pants. They dropped to the ground. Slowly, she entered her fingers inside of her altar of desire. The Latina came close to her and seductively said, "come on, you *swine*, shove it in there!" The Georgian did what she demanded. She violently shoved her fingers inside.

The pleasure and sensations took over her entire body. Under so many sensations, she did not notice that Alexandria had taken off her shirt and bra. She pumped her fingers in and out of her tunnel of love, causing large moans to erupt from her throat. She could think of nothing else except how good this felt. In no time at all, her love juices squirted out and onto the floor like a fountain. Without a second thought, the Latina pushed her onto the floor. She had a command. "Clean up your damn mess. Lick your cum off the floor, you *Christian fascist fuck*. It's what you deserve." The Georgian complied.

She proceeded to lick her love juices off the floor, slowly at first, until the Latina demanded more. "Come on. You can do better than that. Be more aggressive!" She proceeded to lap up the juices which had come out of her own body. She swallowed them and they went down into her throat. She couldn't believe she was doing this. She couldn't believe that this is the person she had become. She soon sat up, staring at the Latina who still towered over her, in a clear force of dominance. She still had a few tricks up her sleeve.

"Tickle yourself all over your body with your hands. Look at me while you are doing it. Don't stop. Cover every crevice. Don't leave any part of your body untouched." Marjorie complied once again, putting her hands in place, and began moving them across every single place around her body. She knew her ticklish spots. They happened to be right under her breasts, causing her to have yet another sensation. As her raucous laughter filled the room, the Latina got into position again. She came close to the Georgian's left ear.

"You are only *deranged, violent, bigoted trash*. Everyone knows it. Just admit it." She felt small and weak. Although she had said so many terrible things over the years, she knew that this woman was right. Her mouth opened and she uttered something she have would never have said under any circumstances. "Yes, Mistress Alexandra. I am deranged, violent, and bigoted trash. All I do is to serve you," she said. She stopped her tickling just long enough to get these words out. The Latina smiled. Everything was going as she planned. She did all she could to break her down.

"You are a corrupt, racist fuck, who *only cares* about yourself," she blared as loud as she could into this woman's ears. Her head started to spin. She came close to her once again. This Georgian was beginning to lose even more of herself. The tickling was becoming too much for her to bare. "You are a *sewer rat*, a whack job, and an online content mill, who deserves *no redemption*. You must have your moral reckoning, you vengeful woman." She paused for a second, then continued. She wanted to show this woman that she was nothing, beyond anything she had done previously. She had a plan.

"You loud, *knuckle-dragging banshee*, rub your breasts with her hands so that your sweet milk comes out. Then, drink what spills onto the floor." Still in a daze and fully under hypnosis, so nodded. She replied. Her mouth was pasty. She ready to say anything. She complied once more. "Yes, Mistress Alexandria. I will do what you desire." She did exactly that. She moved her hands around slowly, with the Latina demanding she go faster. She agreed again, eliciting yelps of pain and pleasure at the same time.

In no time at all, she saw sweet fluids coming from her breasts. The Latina smiled. This racist, loud, violent, and uniformed woman was getting what was coming to her. At least she thought so. She kept going at it, harder and harder. Her fingers circled her areolas, and even

pinched them, as the Latina demanded. She found herself releasing more than she had previously. It splashed onto the floor.

Once more, like she had in the past, she pressed Marjorie to the floor. "Lick it up, you damn swine." The Georgian did what she asked. She lapped it up like a cat getting a fresh bowl of milk. At this point, everything had fallen into place. She had no need for this spiteful woman to be around anymore. She could live peacefully while knowing what good she had done for the world. She helped the woman up and placed her on the nearby couch. She put down a towel so that her love juices didn't get anywhere. Speaking in a soft and seductive voice, she issued a set of eight new commands.

"You will take a shower, clean yourself off, and get dressed."

"You will leave this apartment and return to your own."

"You will forget everything that happened tonight."

"You will remember my orders and only credit yourself with your resignation."

"You will continue your revenge tour against all Republicans who have wronged you."

"When I am close to you and say the words 'racist howler monkey' you will follow my commands."

"When you receive a text from Mistress Alexandria, you will follow it without question."

"When I snap my fingers, you will be released from this hypnosis."

Marjorie almost bowed. She couldn't stop words from spilling out of her mouth. She had been a good submissive. The Latina was completely pleased. The world would now be better off. "Yes, Mistress Alexandria, I will do as you command." She proceeded to walk into the shower, washing herself off. The Latina moved her clothes nearby and breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, she could be done with this whole thing. While the Georgian was in the shower, she went into the woman's phone and renamed the contact for herself "Mistress Alexandria." She deleted all the text conversations they had together, so that the Georgian couldn't get suspicious. In no time at all, Marjorie exited the shower and got dressed.

The Latina guided her outside and to a WMATA subway stop. She came close to her right ear and snapped her fingers. Subconsciously, the woman kept walking down the stairs, paid the fare, and made her way back to the apartment she was renting. When she returned, everything felt foggy. She wasn't sure where she'd been that night, but something about it made her believe it was pleasurable. Almost on autopilot, she began writing her resignation letter. She would go on national television later and speak hollow words, apologizing, and claiming she was turning over a new leaf. On November 22nd, she would post on social media that she was resigning from Congress. She would say this was all her idea.

The reality was different, as Alexandria knew. It was not her idea. She had been hypnotized to do these things. Was it a problem for such an awful person to leave Congress in this way? *Surely not*. The Latina wanted to move on. She had other plans. At the same time, she was

ready to ensure that this woman stayed under her control if she ended up doing *anything* out of line in the future.

End Notes

Information in this fic is based on various sources and on an article in The Cut and Mistress Kay's article "I Want to Try Electrosex. Where Should I Start?." Another article by Mistress Kay I did not use, but fits with the latter, is "9 Things to Check Before Playing With Electrosex." Otherwise, the insults about MTG came from posts on Bluesky some time ago. Canalla means "scumbag" in Spanish while sanguijuela means "leech" and "bloodsucker" in Spanish as noted here. The line "Out of nowhere, she started thinking of herself as a bold avatar of rebels, farmers, moonshiners, plain folk, and foundational principles. As that swell of resistance grew within her, it was brutally crushed the next instant" is inspired by how one MTG fan absurdly described her: "...avatar of moonshiners, cowgirls, rebels, frontiersmen, ranchers, farmers, Annie Oakley, the plain folk of the land, in whom is contained the vast spirit, & pounding heart of America's foundational principles."

This fic was inspired by the hilarious post by Dr. Stacey Patton, "BREAKING NEWS!!! I got my hands on a leaked copy of Marjorie Taylor Greene's resignation letter and another of Patton's posts, "Marjorie Taylor Greene Ain't Sorry. She's Scared. And Every MAGA Rat Will Follow Her Lead.," along with posts by Steve Schmidt ("No bigger sewer rat than MTG"), Alyssa Milano ("An Open Letter to Marjorie Taylor Greene"), and Gary Legum ("Marjorie Taylor Greene Is Sorry About All That"). This fic takes further inspiration from the following articles: "'Humbly, I'm sorry': Marjorie Taylor Greene says she's turning a new leaf after years of divisive comments," "How Greene went from Maga loyalist to quitting Congress," "Marjorie Taylor Greene refutes reports that she's considering running for president," "Rep. Marjorie Taylor Greene says she's resigning from Congress after falling out with Trump," "Marjorie Taylor Greene says she doesn't want to run for president in 2028," and "A look at what led to Rep. Marjorie Taylor Greene's resignation and its impact."

Apart from all of this, AOC and MTG were on the same side on the Tik Tok ban, while MTG literally aided the rioters/insurrectionists through her actions. Another article worth reading, is in The Nation and is entitled "Marjorie Taylor Greene Is Gunning for AOC—and There's Only 1 Reason."

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